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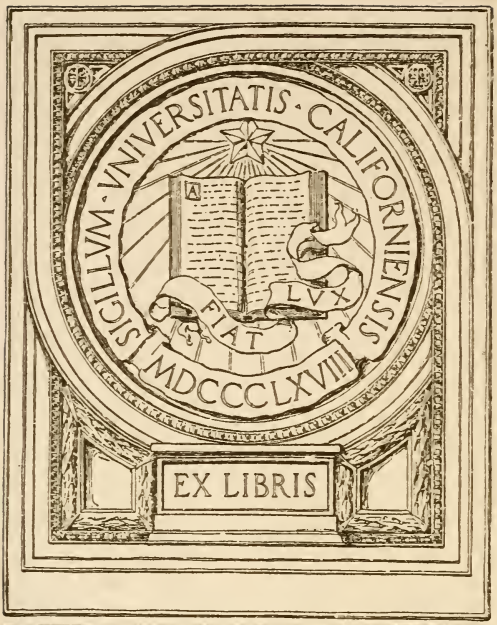
WOODFLOWERS

A BOOK OF LYRICS

WILLIAM FORCE STEAD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WINDFLOWERS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

MOONFLOWERS: A Book of Fancies.

LONDON: DAVID NUTT, 1909

WINDFLOWERS

A BOOK OF LYRICS

BY

WILLIAM FORCE STEAD

Hear, Apollo!—hear my call,—
Skimming Critics thus compel:
Read ye either not at all,
Or discerningly and well.

LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK
62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1911

TO

MY FATHER

WITH GRATITUDE

280130

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE DEAD MEN OF OLLERTON

"Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent."—ST. LUKE.

O DEAD men sleeping below,
With the mouldering stone above,
In the ages long ago
Ye were the glad in love,
And ye were the strong of hand,
Known for a loyal band;
Ye sleep in this empty land,
Never again to move.

O dead men fallen asleep,
Ye wrought in the olden time
The nave with its gable steep,
And tower with clock and chime,
And barn and rick and byre,
And cot in green attire,
With ingle tight by the fire
Against the winter rime.

WINDFLOWERS

O dead men gone to your rest—
    One was the hunting squire,
And one with knotted chest
    Wrought at the forge by the fire,
And one was a grinder of meal,
And lived by his clanking wheel,
And one was the priest to kneel
    And pray for the world's desire.

O dead men, home from the race,
    It little matters now
Whether ye followed the chase,
    Or plodded after the plow ;
And the years may labour round,
But safe ye lie and sound,
Each in his quiet mound
    Under the yew-tree bough.

O dead men gone from the day,
    We follow not far behind :
Say, at the end of the way,
    Are the tangled threads untwined ?
O dead men, Father and Friend,
Ye know now whither we tend
Who strive and strain—at the end
    Is there anything to find ?

THE DEAD MEN OF OLLERTON

O dead men, out of the deep
    A single word afford !—
Darkly we sow, to reap
    We know not what reward.
The ways are dim to seek ;
O dead men, rise and speak :
Say ye have seen but a streak
    Of the sun-rise of the Lord.

SWEET WILD APRIL

O SWEET wild April
    Came over the hills,
He skipped with the winds
    And he tripped with the rills;
His raiment was all
    Of the daffodils.
        Sing hi,
        Sing hey,
        Sing ho!

O sweet wild April
    Came down the lea,
Dancing along
    With his sisters three,
Carnation, and Rose,
    And tall Lily.
        Sing hi,
        Sing hey,
        Sing ho!

SWEET WILD APRIL

O sweet wild April
    On pastoral quill
Came piping in moonlight
    By hollow and hill,
In starlight at midnight
    By dingle and rill.
        Sing hi,
        Sing hey,
        Sing ho !

Where sweet wild April
    His melody played,
Trooped Cowslip and Primrose,
    And Iris the maid,
And silver Narcissus,
    A star in the shade.
        Sing hi,
        Sing hey,
        Sing ho !

When sweet wild April
    Dipped down the dale,
Pale Cuckoo-pint brightened
    And Windflower frail,

And Whitethorn, the wood-bride,
In virginal veil.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho !

When sweet wild April
Through deep woods pressed,
Sang Cuckoo above him
And Lark on his crest,
And Philomel fluttered
Close under his breast.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho !

O sweet wild April,
Wherever you went,
The bondage of winter
Was broken and rent ;
Sank elfin Ice-City
And Frost-Goblin's tent.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho !

SWEET WILD APRIL

Yet sweet wild April,
The blythe, the brave,
Fell asleep in the fields
By a windless wave ;
And Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Preached over his grave.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho !

O sweet wild April,
Farewell to thee !
And a deep sweet sleep
To thy Sisters three,—
Carnation, and Rose,
And tall Lily.
Sing hi,
Sing hey,
Sing ho !

MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES

MYSTERY of Mysteries !
All the gems drown'd in the seas,
All delicious breathings blown
Out of groves of cinnamon,
All the blytheness of the Spring
In her tip-toe frollicking,
All the wild notes hill-birds sing,
And various Avril's bourgeoning,
One doth in her heart enfold,—
Mystery of Mysteries !
Beauteous prophecies of old,
Efflorescing,—manifold
Stars, and pulsing ecstasies,
In one Lady I behold :
Mystery of Mysteries.

O love-illumin'd eyes, an April moon
Crisping the dew-bright apple-leaves :
O harvest hair, O ample August noon,
A glory fallen on golden sheaves.

MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES

Pale hands of Peace, O lily-bells afloat
On a placid water crystalline :
O Delphic lips, O words as airs remote
On holy heights of the mountain pine.

O teeth of precious stones, long since th' Ægean
Drank with a trireme oaring to Rome :
O honey-at-mouth, O mystic flower Hyblæan,
Breathing of sweet for the honeycomb.

O throat empearl'd, a Calif's ivory tower,
In the gold and blue noon whitely seen :
O heart—O warmest rose-enclosèd bower
In all Love's rose-entwin'd demesne.

Fair is my Lady, fair to fold,
Rose and ivory, azure and gold,
But her Spirit's inner chambers hold
Light exceeding rarest gold ;
A brilliance blinding the overbold.
Beyond endurance of mortal sight
Burns her inner Spirit's light ;
The flame thereof doth leave me quite
As Launcelot, the dazèd knight,
When to the blinding door he came
And found his utmost courage fail
At the chinks alive with rosy flame
Issuing from the Holy Grael :

Heaving anthems, pealing awe,
    Roll'd as flame on the fiery gale,
And eyes and lifted wings he saw
    Sweeping over the Holy Grael.
Mystery of Mysteries !
    In one Lady I behold
    Miracles more manifold :
Radiance of auroral seas,
Suns of Conquest, Moons of Ease,
And in an haunted walk of Peace
Fountains jetting ecstasies :
    All the leaves sing on the trees,
    " *Mystery of Mysteries !* "

ON THE CLIFFS AT MOULIN HUET BAY

Lo, the long blue sea,
Lo, the blue vast skies above :
And lo, the quiet of the Presence of the Dove.

Afar, at farthest wave and lowest sky,
  A sail, becalmed, abideth passively :
Recurring gulls in soundless circles fly
  Around a pinnacle that massively
    Uprears from the long sea.

O peace of blue below, and calm of blue above :
And in my heart, the mute delight of Love.

Bluely burn the seas, but in the shadow'd places
  Darkly emerald mysterious water gleams ;
And the looming rocks resign their furrowed faces
    To the mild abandonment of purple dreams.

Hearken to the voices of the world-old sea,
Utterance of awe, and deep solemnity :
From the far horizon, urgent waters flush
Among the cloven boulders, to falling, murmur,
    " Hush " :
    O listen, their reiterating,—" Hush,"—
      " Hush "—" Hush."

St. Martin's,
  Guernsey.

LADY SUN-DOWN

Lady Sun-Down
    Even more still is
Than the moon-
    Enchanted lilies,
Entertaining
    Such dim fancies
As inhabit
    Duskiest pansies.

For her solace
    Sorrow's daughter,
To the tune
    Of falling water,
Sings a burden,
    Chanting lowly
Of her goddess,
    Melancholy.

Lady Sun-Down
    Still reposes
Where the gloaming's
    Last light closes,

LADY SUN-DOWN

Where the vapours
    Round her streaming
Leave one shaded
    Rose-light gleaming.

Lady Sun-Down,
    Never weeping,
Laughing, waking,
    Nor yet sleeping,
Dwells contented
    Of the morrow,
On the border-
    Land of Sorrow.

Lady Sun-Down
    Hath a tower ;
Round it bloometh
    The moon-flower :
At her casement
    Whispers twitter,
Sighs and longings
    Through it flitter.

All that weary
    Hearts remember
Of vain hopes
    And love's dead ember,

All the mournful
    Hours of weeping,
Lady Sun-Down
    Hath in keeping.

Lady Sun-Down,
    In forbidden
Holy chambers,
    Hath them hidden :
Orphan loves
    And unbefriended ;
All unhappy
    Things now ended.

Lady Sun-Down,
    Open never
This, my offering,
    Sealed for ever ;
Ask me not
    What it encloses :
On it only
    Strew dead roses.

A SONG IN BOLDERWOOD

I.

O Spirit of the Pure at Heart,
O thou of even-tempered mind,
Abiding in these glades apart,
Far from mankind,—
Thee would I worship and thee would I follow,
Whithersoever thy bidding may lead,
Or up to the hill-tops, or into the hollow,
By torrent, or chasm, or quietsome mead.
For all things are sweet
And goodly to know;
The noon on the wheat,
Or the moon on the snow:
They are all of them healing as herbs of the plain,
As rain after drought, as sun after rain;
They are all of them working the Spirit's sweet will,
By hollow, by hill,
By meadow or rill;
They are all of them jets of the Fountain of Youth,
And the clear cool streams of Truth.

II.

Lift up your eyes,
O faint cuckoo-flower,
That wilts in the heat of the noon:
O daisy that dies
With the day's last hour,
And never hast looked on the moon :
Lift up your eyes
To the stars in the skies ;
As the stars are, so are ye :
As the sun in his noon,
As the high plenilune ;
As the winds that walk on the sea,
Even so, even so are ye.

O ye rivers and rills,
Ye are God pouring out of the hills !
Ye lightnings cleaving the pines of the height,
Ye are God in His might !—
And ye, sweet flowers,
Ye are God in His happiest hours.

III.

O Spirit of the Pure at Heart
Abiding in these glades apart,

Would, ah, would I were
As the oak-tree or the fir,
Deep of root and strongly growing,
Firm, tho' Baltic winds are blowing ;
Yea, or the meanest bird that sings,
Or the humblest flower that springs :
But I am God grown spiritless,
And I am God in weariness,
Worn in a quest I shall not win ;
And I am God in sore distress,
Grown dim with sin.

IV.

O that I were as a thistledown,
As a thistledown on an Ayrshire lea ;
O that I were as a thistledown,
Out of the pod and free ;
For I would sail till the sun went down,
Over the gorse and the heather brown,
Far, O far, from the hated town,
And straight away to the sea !
O that I were as a thistledown,
As a thistledown on an Ayrshire lea,
For I would sail till the sun went down,
And the moon made light in the tree :

Yea, that I were as a thistledown,
Whirling away over heather brown,
For I would sail till the moon went down
Into the covering sea :
Sail, O sail, till the stars went down,
And sleep with them under the sea.

V.

I would that I were as the ivy-vine,
As the darkest ivy climbing here,
Whose branches higher and higher twine,
Year by year,
To the sunlight clear,
Seeking ever the upward sphere :
For the dawning rains and the twilight dew
Would wash my being through and through ;
And deep to my heart I would draw the blue
Of the clear, unclouded noon ;
And sweet to feel when the year was new
And the wood-songs waking soon,
The breaking bud slip free of its hood
And tenderly finger the rugged wood,
Till it clasped the bark in its life's desire,
To win a year's growth higher.

VI.

Would that I were as the ivy-root,
Down in the mould and the dark and the cold,
Yet ever feeding the anxious shoot
As it climbs in the realms of gold.
For I should know how it fared above,
Up in the tree-top, facing the sun,
And spreading a shelter to shield the dove,
And the thrushes every one :
And I should know when the day was done
And a great wind rushed from the sunken sun,
How the boughs and the clinging vines were swayed
In the moving music the great wind made.
And at night
When the light
Of the starry throng
Had pierced to the midmost heart of the vine,
Below,
I should know
All the whole night long
How the dark leaves brightened in silvery shine :
I should know,
I should know,
Even hidden below,
I should know all the planets that glow :

All the rays
Of the days
As they blazon their ways
And trample the trammelling haze :
O I should know all the lights that move,
All songs of the thrush, all calls of the dove ;
But only live for the vine above,
And feed it full of my love.

VII.

Sweet is the life of the flower that springs of the calm of night ;
Born for a single day, and as the morning, bright ;
Quietly open its petals, and peace lies at their heart :
And the sun falls ; and the wind blows ; and the petals are blown apart.

Good, ah, good, is the life of the clustered boles in the wood ;
Good the sunrise, good the dewfall ; good, exceeding good :
And the sun and the dewfall build the branches large and firm and sound :
Build them awhile, and leave them awhile ; and give them back to the ground.

A SONG IN BOLDERWOOD

Light of heart is the life of the water that finds its way
Out of the caverns of earth to the grace and joy of day ;
Lightly it leaps the crag, and lightly follows its quest,
Out of the mountain, into the valley, and down to the deep sea's rest.

VIII.

As the least, as the least of these,
So would I be ;
Even as the least of these,—
As the moth in the night, as the bees
In the whitethorn-tree :
Ah, as the wind that blows,
Or the petals that follow ;
Ah, as the sun-warmed rose,
Or the wandering swallow :
As the waves of the farthest seas
Under Barbary ;
As the wind-blown gull that flees
To the hills of the Sporades :
Even as the least of these
Would I might be.

IX.

The Holy Spirit spake to me,
Saying : When thou hast ceased to be,
    Thou shalt at last attain
Unto the calm of middle night,
The clarity of morning light,
    And helpfulness of rain.
In May, the month of bluest flowers,
    Thy spirit shall be given wholly
To shining through the golden hours
    By hill and meadow lowly.
This light that was so dim in thee,
That flickered in adversity
    On sin-dominioned ways,
This light that sank amid the gloom
Of hollows ridged with peaks of doom,
This light, a taper in a tomb,
    Shall rising trick its rays ;
Of it shall be the twilight hue
Of pansies, and the morning blue
    Of wild wood-violets ;
Forget-me-not and robin's eye,
And hare-bells, like a placid sky
    After the red sun sets,

Shall own thy spirit's risen light,
    And clearly shall it shine
In corn-flowers on the windy height
    And hill-side flower of vine.
In time of rime and sifting snow,
Thy light within the wood shall grow
Red holly and white mistletoe :
In spring, that radiant orb terrene,
The daffodil, that's ever seen
Where grass is longest and most green :
Thy spirit's risen light shall be
Along the washes of the sea,
Marsh-mallow and marsh-rosemary.

Amid the stillest of the dells,
Where Silence with her Echo dwells,
Thou shalt be of the spring that wells
    Among the chilly stones
And water-rounded pebbles, white
As pearl chains round the dark-tress'd Night :
The cool well-water, in delight
    Ringing its undertones,
As ever onward, still it laves
All roots that seek the crisping waves.
Thy silver course will fruitful be
Of blossom to white fleur-de-lis ;

And water-flag, whose whiter root
    In seeping marl delights to bide,
Receiving thee shall bear a shoot
    More green, and flower more bluely eyed.
A gracious presence thou shalt be
To all the green-clad pageantry :
To slender hazel, and the willow
    That seeks thee most of all the trees,
And lazy river-buds that pillow
    Them on their pads and live at ease.
Green solace will thy plashing bring
To rock-moss tufted round the spring,
And water-grasses that respond
    Unto thine every quiver ;
Thou shalt unfurl each claspèd frond
Of fern that brinks the shallow pond,
And nourish on thy ways beyond,
    Long rushes by the river.

Thou shalt be of the beams that smite
The waters foaming from the height
With spangles as a Northern Light.
Thou shalt be of that early beam
That calls the dim world from its dream,
And travelling on a burnished way
Out nightward from the gates of day,

Walks on the hill-tops, and the grass
Flames where the flying footsteps pass ;
And skimming dusk-begloomèd moors,
Flashes and fires the golden gorse :
The beam that doth the mountain twine
    In scarfs of many coloured light,
    And gems the barren granite height
With sardonyx and almandine.

X.

The Holy Spirit spake to me again :
O thou of earth and sun and rain,
High beings without stain ;
These are the strong sons of Eternity,
And thou of these art moulded, but on thee
Hath grown the fungus of Mortality,
And there is Death in thee.
Go back, go down, go home ;
To thy clean sweet home in the loam,
Go down, go home :
Out of the earth thou didst ascend,
And the loam is thine only home at the
    end :
To thy clean sweet home in the loam,
Go down, go home.

And there, although thy sleep be of the night,
Thy mind shall burn in that reviving light
That kindles round the world when the Spring-trod ways are bright :
And there, although thou be at one with all ended things,
Thy heart shall be a note in the far-heard Voice that sings,
Unto whose martial music each constellation swings,
And its warblings wake the rills and the carolling water-springs.

THE NEW FOREST,
HAMPSHIRE.

O THE WILD ROSE-TREE

O THE wild rose-tree,
The bonny rose-tree,
The red rose-tree
By the sea.

How it blossoms there,
In the clear blue air,
In the blue-bell air
Of the sea.

All the glad gold hours
It shakes and showers
Auroral flowers
On the sea.

It is Love's own tree,
Love's red rose-tree ;
And it blossoms for me
By the sea.

MELODIE

Lady, the music of thy beauty
    Plays on my worn heart-strings,
Till the Weary Woodland wakes in joy,
    And Midnight sings.

Lady, the music of thy beauty
    Is even to me
As the music of the Imperial Moon
    To the wandering sea.

ON THE "LUSITANIA"

WESTWARD BOUND

To Miss Augusta Eccleston Murray

Loitering from the galleried dining-room,
    We pause to watch the steerage at their play ;
We lighted warmly, they in windy gloom,
    Yet were we glad to speed the hours as they :
Shawled maids of Cork in random waltzes pass
    Whirling with Scottish lads to some lame air ;
We wonder at them idly thro' the glass,
    And peer as on odd species at a fair.—
But I salute you, O brave hearts and true !
    America's red-blooded residents
You come to be ; and I salute in you
    Fathers of Senators and Presidents :
Courageous, light of heart, and strong of hand,
Welcome, O future masters of our land !

WORSHIP OF HIS LADY

LORD, all these painted windows are ablaze
With symbols, holy folk, and angels white ;
There shepherds and their Star that streaks the night,
Here bright-wing'd cherubs offering silent praise.
And, Lord, thy golden-throated organ plays,
Now like sonorous waters when they smite
Rough sea-cliffs ; now with voice as soft and light
As wild winds piping down the woodland ways.
Lord, all these things are very good, perde,
But she who kneels there, Lady morning-faced,
So worthy is, she leads me more to Thee
Than aught that cunning art herein has placed :
She is Thy daughter, and so pure that she
Knows not above all ladies she is graced.

A GIFT TO HIS LADY

LADY, a precious Vase I bring to thee,
    Mystic, of delicate Venetian glass,
    Showing a sliced pomegranate on the grass,
Blood-red and bleeding ; over it you see
An azure bird lone in the Living Tree ;
    While heavenward there roll in cloudy mass
    The shadows of some hours as yet to pass,
O'er-shot with splendour of planets that shall be.
So, Lady, all the symbol-work appears ;
    But lo, a Ruby glows within, whose fire
Flames outwardly in those effulgent spheres,—
    Blood of my heart and my whole soul's desire :
O Lady, shield my gift, lest unawares,
    Falling, it shatter and that rare gem expire.

SERVICE TO HIS LADY

LADY, thy faithful pensioner I would be,
And bring a life-long service to thy praise,
Through weary nights and heavy-hearted days,
Taking no thought save how to honour thee.
It is enough if you remember me
And those old times together ; if the rays
Of setting sun, or star in twilight haze,
Light up sometime an ancient memory.
Enough ?—Ah, no, no, not enough !—And yet,—
However far apart our ways may lie,
Though you must love another, and forget
Me and old times together utterly,—
Yet for the holy hours once granted me,
Lady, thy faithful pensioner I shall be.

TRIOMPHE D'AUTOMNE

Now are the hills apparellèd in gold
    And crimson, for the Year's high festival:
    Tyrian-robed the Oak majestical;
Lieutenants of the hills and forests old,
Chestnut and Hickory their passes hold
    In brass-bright basnets; Gums are scarlet all,
    Dead tops enwreathed in Creeper's coronal,
And heights with fiery Maples aureoled.
O splendid Season, it is well and meet
    To move in pomp triumphal thro' the land:
For haply, mine own Empress, at whose feet
    My heart hath lain to heed her least com-
        mand,
Now pours upon my life an ointment sweet,
    And sets an ivory sceptre in my hand.

OAKLAND,
WESTERN MARYLAND.

AT EVENSONG

Church of Saint Mary and All Saints, Bingham, Nottinghamshire

UPON thy spire the last beam of the sun,
When dusk already veils the fading fields,
Yet tarries, as in worship lingering.
Night cometh on the land : this twilight sky
Is faint and far and vague with vapours grey.
There is no stir of wind nor any sound.

The twilight deepens ; deepens, too, the calm
Of this lone churchyard, fit retirement
For those mild Sisters of our older world,
Peace and Contentment : calm,—a holy calm.
The dedicated walls, the sod whereunder
Lie muffled in oblivion all the hopes
Of fallen homes, dead wives, and buried babes,
Have, as it seems, distilled an atmosphere
Unto themselves, a rarer, finer air,
Inflowing on the mind and filling it
With this deep peace, this sweet and holy calm.

AT EVENSONG

The hoar-hair'd verger trims his lamps within :
Through delicate dark stems of pine and yew,
Forth gleam thy windows, rich in mystic panes,
And on the mouldering stones that tell no more
The names of those beneath, soft lustre falls,
Warm rose, and saintly blue, and crowning gold :
A glimmering foreshadow of the dawn
In confidence of which these folk left off,
Humbly, without complaining, when the plow
Was halfway down the furrow.
Night's first star
Leans from the deepening and empurpled heavens,
And watches, with its ever earnest gaze,
Over thy spire and chancel cross : as though
The Eternal Eye that sweeps the universe
Held thee, O kind grey guardian of the dead,
In its large ken.
Of old, when Faith was sure,
The visitation of thine altar flowed
A River Bountiful, upon whose brim
The heavy-laden lay his burden down
And drank of the sweet water ; the unclean
Drank, and was clean ; and the poor widow came
And healed her wounded heart, and found a love
Kinder and closer thro' the gloaming years.
Thou wert unto the strong a source of strength,

A refuge to the meek, and unto all
The home of faith, of hope, and charity.

Now peals thy bell down the long aisles of night,
Calling to evening prayers of gratitude
For labour well rewarded, harvests won,
Sheaves garnered, and replenished barn and bin.
Will no man hearken to the sad appeal ?
Or is thy mission ended, and thy bell
Tolling at last for its own funeral ?

AN OLD FOUNTAIN

How green thou art in thine old age,
O Fountain, in this garden where
Of old a Princess and her Page
Passed down the trim parterre:
How vernal thou in thine old age,
In this forgotten garden, where
A wasting rose with weeds must wage
Vain battle, year by year.

O Fountain, on a summer's night
How you have made low melody,
With gush of water foaming white
Against the blue far sky.
And now, O Fountain, mute and lone,
Thine only water is the rain
That weepeth with a night-long moan,
As Sorrow, in her pain.

Man made thee, but he long hath gone,
And no man cometh evermore:
His pebbled walks in weeds are sown,
Grey spiders veil his door.

But thee to shield the years engage,
    And visit verdantly thy stone :
    A willow o'er thee, ferns are grown
Around, and moss'd thy latter stage :
And thou art green in thine old age,
        O Fountain, mute and lone.

OUR LADY OF NIGHT

SHE hath the young moon on her arm,
New-born, and wan and slight ;
La Belle Fee guardeth her from harm ;
She is most strange and dim and calm,
Our Lady, Queen of Night.

She woneth down the eastern skies,
Where all is soft of sight ;
Slim spirits walk her Paradise,
Faint flowers bloom, chill winds arise,
In farthest Lands of Night.

Her realms are past the Evening Star,
In vales of mild delight :
I saw her Towers from afar,
Of glass, and high and slim they are,
Above the Land of Night.

WINDFLOWERS

She hath deep cisterns wrought by spells
Of elf and faery sprite,
Deep blue and shining are her wells,
And here the dew of evening dwells,
Far in the Land of Night.

Birds from her dreaming gardens call,
And from the drowsing height ;
Wood-shaded streams about her fall :
There gaze on her nine lilies tall,
Our Lady, Queen of Night.

To her on harp a Seraph plays,
A Seraph, dimly bright :
O sad and far away her gaze,
She hears the wail of Olden Days,
The wailing Birds of Night.

There are some stars amid her hair,
And pearls of palest white :
They are the Ladies debonair,
And Queens of Eld, that once were fair,
Subdued of Lady Night.

HER VISITATION IN THE CITY

DREARY the city street
    Shadow'd with sin,
Dreary the race I meet
    Drifting therein.

Almost might Hope despair
    At the sad sight :
Ah, but I breathe new air,
    Walk in new light,

Thinking how sweet she is,
    How good and kind ;
Thinking how pure she is
    In heart and mind.

BARTHOLOMEW-TIDE

Now is the harvest of the year,
    When sicklemen, from early prime
    Until the pale eve's bluest time,
Bend their broad backs and reap with cheer.

Tho' sun-down burns a rusty light
    Where all the ripened harvest heaves,
The red moon of another night
        Will light but garnered sheaves.

The valley-orchard, deep and mute,
    And thick of leaf and darkly green,
    Is lit with low red lamps between
The leaves, where gleams the crimson fruit.

But when the stars are sharp and cold,
    And frigid airs are wisping round,
The heavy apple loosing hold
        Rolls to the dew-chilled ground.

BARTHOLOMEW-TIDE

Bronz'd pear-fruit swings and gold sun-flower,
    Above the vine-tressed garden wall ;
    And late birds from their tree-tops call,
Remembering now an earlier hour.

Desponding summer dreams of spring,
    And dreaming, hears the songs of May ;
But lo, while yet her late birds sing,
        The first leaf floats away.

Now well-piled wain and steaming pair
    Returning heap the laden bin :
    It is the time to gather in
Spring-dreams and all thy summer's care.

Faint dreams of spring,—the tender shoot
    That April fed with cooling rain,
And red June rounded into fruit,
        Late August looks to gain.

What cheer, O Heart, what cheer ?
Now at the harvest of the year,
Sad Heart, say thou what cheer ?
Much hast thou sown : what reaped thereof ?
One stalk of hope, that bare above
Dead chaff, and barren husk of love.

TITANIA'S DANCE-MEASURE

O BE heedful !
'Tis needful
In the green winding mazes
Of the Garden
Of Arden
And the charm-builded places :
For fragile and fleeting
Are all faery bowers,
And the woods of our meeting
Are held by slim powers.

When slowly
The holy
White moon weaves her trances
And whitens
And brightens
All eastern expanses,
Responsive in legions
Our tree-tops are brought her
From misty low regions
Of rushes and water.

Then airily,
Fairily,
Flowers awaken,
Uplifting
From drifting
Night-vapours, wind-shaken :
Thin fog on the shallows
Tall lilies discloses,
And moon-rise, faint mallows
And wild trailing roses.

O be wary,
Thou faery
Adventuring hither ;
In the valleys
Who dallies
May look lest they wither :
A moth unbefriended,
A bitter word spoken,
And elf-land is ended
And the moon-magic broken.

O THE JOLLY HOLLYHOCK

O THE jolly Hollyhock,
Tossing on his jolly stalk !
In the sun or in the rain,
Ha, he shakes his head at pain !
Waves his leaves,
    And nods his flowers,
Never grieves
    For ended hours :
Nothing bothers Hollyhock,
Not the jolly Hollyhock,
Jolly, jolly Hollyhock.

Pansies wilt and asters wither,
    Hey, the jolly Hollyhock !
Wind is veering, hither, thither,
    Ha, the jolly Hollyhock !
Summer's surely wearing by,
Fogs are crowding out the sky,
    Hey, the jolly Hollyhock !
Leaves are flitting, petals fly,
Let them scatter, let them die,
    Ho, the jolly Hollyhock !

O THE JOLLY HOLLYHOCK

Barley's ripe, we're mowing clover,
All the greenest days are over—
    Any care to Hollyhock ?
    Not to jolly Hollyhock !
    O the jolly Hollyhock !
    Jolly, jolly Hollyhock !

Days are shrinking, nights are long,
    Ho, the jolly Hollyhock !
Chills and damps are waxing strong,
    Stronger waxes Hollyhock !
Frost is slipping out by night,
Here a nip and there a bite,—
    Brightly quickens Hollyhock !
Daisy pales and droops for fright,—
    Boldly shoots the Hollyhock !
Apples gain in ruddy grace,
    Not so red as Hollyhock !
Apricots have run their race,
Peaches totter from their place,
Plums are purple in the face,
    Ruddier blossoms Hollyhock !
    O the jolly Hollyhock,
    Swinging on his jolly stalk !
    Ha, the jolly Hollyhock,
    Jolly, jolly Hollyhock !

SONG

Out of her sweet, sweet heart,
    All lilies spring ;
And roses, when they depart,
Rest in her sweet, sweet heart,
    With thanksgiving.

Out of her sweet, sweet heart,
    Love soars on wing ;
And Peace, when the wild winds start,
Turns to her sweet, sweet heart,
    For comforting.

O MOON, O WITHERED MOON

O MOON, O withered moon,
So late in rising that the dawn will soon
Follow, and banish this thy yielding light,
For all time from my sight,
Canst thou be, O thou broken moon, the same
That a while since in rounded glory came
Up from the east, with full orb soaring
Above grey Notre Dame? O moon forlorn,
Far in thy wane, wan and outworn,
Art thou that moon of grace that we found pouring
Pearl chains along the Seine, when we two passed
On that, our night together,—and our last?

O moon, O ashen, wasted, fallen moon,
Canst thou be yet the same, O moon, and lost so soon?

TOURS, FRANCE.

THE MILLER OF HELL

I AM the Miller of Hell :
My big sails flap and swell,
    With a grinding sound
    Spun round and round,
By the sighs of the men that dwell
        Damn'd here in Hell.

Mine is a busy mill,
The wheels are never still ;
    They grind and grind,
    And yet they find
More grain from the fields ye till
        On the fool-sown hill.

Time's jaws are my mill-stones,
They grind till the old mill drones :
    With the ripe red sin
    I sprinkle in
A pinch of a miser's bones
        And a jester's groans.

THE MILLER OF HELL

My lights are eyes of the blind,
My beams and walls are lined
With barren schemes
And maniac dreams :
And I grin as I grind and grind
All human kind.

LADY KO-SHIKIBU

A Japanese lady intimates that her love has ceased by sending a crimson maple-leaf to her lover, the meaning being that as the colour of the leaf has changed, so her love has changed also. See W. N. Porter's "Hyaku-Nin-Isshiu."

LADY KO-SHIKIBU gathered
Autumn-altered foliage, walking
Where Tasuta's maple-hidden
Waters ring among the pebbles :
These, the sombre autumn-altered
Branches, Lady Ko-Shikibu,
Past the pearl-blue solitary
Peak of ancient Michinoku,
Sent, a tiding to her lover,
Moto-Suké Kiyowara,
Waiting where the billows wallow
And the sea-winds sing in chorus
Thro' the pines of Takasago :
Moto-Suké Kiyowara,
These receiving, read her message,
Crying : Ah, ah ! Ko-Shikibu !

As the winds from Michinoku,
Wing'd with hoar-frost, winds autumnal,
Work a change amid the leafage
Of the maples by Tasuta,
So,—ah, ah, ah !—Ko-Shikibu ! —
So thy heart is grown autumnal,
Withering the old affection,
Love that grew as leaves in summer,—
Love and leaves alike are altered :
Ah, ah, ah !
Altered, withered !
Ko-Shikibu !

With the leaves and thine affection,
Now, too, altered is thy lover,
Moto-Suké Kiyowara ;
He whose heart was as the singing
Of the birds about the temple,
Chanting songs of Ko-Shikibu ;
He whose heart was as the beating
Of the gongs within the temple,
Ringing praise of Ko-Shikibu :
Ah, ah, ah !
Broken-hearted
Kiyowara !

No, no more his heart is singing
As the birds about the temple,
Ko-Shikibu !
As the gongs within the temple
Never more his heart is beating,
Ko-Shikibu !

Ah, his heart is as the pine-trees,
Now as pines of Takasago,
Broken, sorrow-wasted pine-trees,
Where the winds come in together
Sweeping in from all the waters,
From the lands of all men coming,
Ko-Shikibu !—
Ah, as wailing pines intoning
All the woes of all the peoples,
All the burdens, all the sorrows,
All the world's great desolation :
Ah, ah, ah !
Desolation !
Ko-Shikibu !—
As the pines that wail for ever
All the hearts that break in aching,
Ko-Shikibu !—

LADY KO-SHIKIBU

Wailing with a wail unending
All the sorrows ceasing never :
Ah, ah, ah !
Never ! Never !
Ko-Shikibu !

BEHOLD THOU ART FAIR

BEHOLD, thou art fair, O my Love! Behold,
thou art worthy of praise:
Thy name is a song in the night; there is singing
in all thy ways.

Little bells ring at thy feet, and sweet bells swing
in the air
Over thee, telling thine excellence: behold, thou
art fair.

Glad in my soul the thought of thee as the
nightingale's note in the vine:
Thine image is bright in my heart as the pearl
deep down in the brine.

O moon of my night to light me!—O sweet
south wind of my sea,
Coming as out of YÁFÁ with spice of the orange-
tree.

BEHOLD THOU ART FAIR

Behold, thou art fair, O my Flower ; all others
before thee fail :
Thou shamest the lotos and laurel and the lily
of the vale.

The night-winds gather their fragrance of thee,
and the dewy gems
Of the morning extol thy loveliness on the bladed
stems.

Gardens, myrrh-breathing gardens, behold thee,
and lo, thou art fair :
They flourish in delicate blossoms afresh, but
have none to compare.

Than hyacinth yellower, bluer than violet, rose
most red :
O the blue of thine eyes and the red of thy mouth
and the gold of thy head.

A MADRIGAL

One name there is more sweet to me
Than midnight music of Faëry ;
It is the name of mine own Lady,
The name of Madonna
Francesca.

O have you but heard the earliest bird,
Or the last far low of the drowsing herd :
More sweet, more sweet, is the singing word.
The name of Madonna
Francesca.

More soft, more sweet, more musical far
Than star-lit waves on a silvery bar,
Or skylark's song to the morning star,—
The name of Madonna
Francesca.

More sweet than the strains of the shepherds of
old
Who dwelled where the waters of Baiae rolled,

A MADRIGAL

Or mermen singing to harps of gold,—
The name of Madonna
Francesca.

It maketh the music that no man sings,
More mystic than Night's, more joyous than
    Spring's :
'Tis Love that plays on my heart's harp-strings
The name of Madonna
Francesca.

At "The Peacock,"
Rowsley, Derbyshire.

FRANCESCA DEL SOLE

A Lady clothed with the Sun

I FOUND myself amid a region wholly
Unknown of day, lit by the Death-Moon solely :
    I roamed the Wilderness of Wandering,
Down by the bitter River, Melancholy.

I met a pilgrim band midmost the Plain.
They said : We follow in our Monarch's train.
    I saw a Car, drawn by the dragon, Dread ;
In it, Despair and Night, that there held reign.

The pilgrimage moved onward, and I passed
On with them, wearily ; we wound at last
    Into a cavern where an Ebon Throne
Loomed amid emptiness and shadows vast.

And here in midnight of eternal stone,
The River Melancholy's monotone
    Found echo in a ceaseless wind that blew
Complainingly, with dust and ashes strown.

FRANCESCA DEL SOLE

Here were we doomed for ever to behold
Immovable Despair of Kingdom Cold,
    And by him on the throne, with face firm
        set,
Night : and below the bitter river rolled.

And I forgot the light of moon and sun,
And Twilight in whose hair the stars are spun ;
    Yea, I forgot the health of windy dawns,
And happiness of valleys rained upon.

O I forgot the fields of kindly grain,
And hushing night-long melody of rain :
    Only thy name I knew,—only thy name,
Francesca !—and I cried it in my pain.

When lo, the vaults of Night were split asunder
With lightning !—and the music of the thunder
    Bellowed full-toned : and lo, the lordly
        sun,
And all the hosts of all the stars thereunder.

The looming throne in ashes drove away,
And they that sat thereon fell into grey
    Shadows that fled on the far hills, and left
A plain resplendent in triumphant day.

Then looking on me downward from the sun,
With hair full-blowing, golden, and undone,
    Set in the midst of God's great light, I saw
Thee, O too beautiful to look upon.

TWILIGHT

At twilight hour the west is red,
As mildly red as roses dead,
Whence every warmer hue is fled,
    Leaving a quiet red.

At twilight hour the east is blue,
As coolly blue as wells of dew :
A feather-cloud is drifting through,
    And trailing, slips from view.

At twilight hour the fields are grey,
A place for lurking ghosts to play ;
The world receding with the day,
    The pale stars nearer stray.

At twilight hour she glimmers by,
When owlets fly and plovers cry :
I find her as the last lights die,
    My ghost-girl, pale and shy.

O THAT I COULD SING OF HER

O THAT I could sing of her, sing of her as she is,—
Sing the light her Spirit scatters, all the aural bliss
Round her ever wreathing,—
In measures of her breathing.

O that I could sing of her, sing of the sun-rise darting
Brightly from those cloudy rifts that are her eyelids parting ;
Sing all her wild March gladness,
And quiet May-noon sadness.

O that I could sing of her, sing of my lovely one !
I should be as God whose singing shaped the moon and sun,
And set the quick herb growing,
And rhythmic rivers flowing.

RENUNCIATION

We together
Under weather
    Blowing rainy green and grey,
When acanthus,
Amaranthus,
    Bell and blossom, starred the way,

Found a garden
That suns harden
    Never, neither northern winds,
Where they measure
Years in pleasure,
    And where Care is chief of sins.

We together
In the weather
    Streaked with shade and sudden light,
Found the garden
That suns harden
    Never, lying warm and bright.

WINDFLOWERS

From a swelling
Hill, the dwelling
    There of Love we looked upon,
Lying lowly
In the holy
    Valley, loved of moon and sun.

And we wandered
Downward, onward,
    Till unto the gate we came,
Waiting idly
While the widely
    Domed horizon burst aflame ;

Till the Seven
Stars of Heaven
    Hung their lamps from east to west,
And the saintly
Cynthia faintly
    Glowed, and sun-set sank in rest.

In the play-time
Of our daytime
    Long we faltered, idle-eyed,
By the garden
With gates barred on
    Neither side, but open wide.

RENUNCIATION

Wandering, roaming,
All the gloaming,
    All the twilight, milky-grey,
Still we waited,
Hesitated,
    Entered not, nor turned away.

Ah, the roses
In those closes,
    Dusky, musky, dim, and deep;
Ah, the vines and
Eglantines and
    Poppies breathing waifs of sleep;

Ah, the bowers
Woven of hours
    Love alone knows well to weave;
Ah, the winding
Alleys finding
    Lowlands moonbeams loathe to leave;

Ah, the singing
Rills, and ringing
    Rivers winding onward ever:
Though we knew them
Fair, unto them
    Still we turned not—and shall never!

WINDFLOWERS

Ah, the hollow
Where Apollo
    Loved and sang his Daphne's praise ;
Ah, the gleaming
Vale of dreaming
    Pleasant dreams down pleasant ways.

Yet no flowers
From those bowers
    That with winter wither never,
I have given,
Nor receiven :
    We refused them, once, for ever ;

For no mortals
To those portals
    Passing from the peopled plain,
Yet aside there
Turning, bide there,
    Nor reside there ere again.

We beheld there
Where Love dwelled there,
    And his lights that shone afar,—
Noon-light, moon-light,
Dusk, yet soon light
    Showered from a splendid star.

RENUNCIATION

'Twas the whitest,
Purest, brightest,
    Star that God hath filled with fire,
'Twas the gleaming,
Skyward-streaming
    Star of Love and Heart's Desire.

Tho' it lightened,
Warmed and brightened
    All the honey-heavy flowers,
Yet it had nor
Glad nor sad nor
    Any light for lives of ours.

Did Love spurn us ?
Or we turn us
    From him when he drew anigh ?
Ah, tho' lonely,
I know only
    Love, alas, has passed us by.

While we faltered,
Heaven altered,
    And the airs grew ill at rest ;
Once a light wind,
Now the night-wind
    Rolled with thunder in the west.

Fainter, dimmer,
Grew the glimmer
    Of the stars ; the woods were wet,—
Wet and dank and
Gaunt and lank and
    Grim with mists : the moon had set.

Vale and foreland,
Dale and moorland,
    Gloomed beneath a sombre Form,
And the weary
Ways were dreary
    With the moan of wind and storm.

Weary, weary,
Solitary
    Backward seemed the ways to pass.
" Wait no longer,"
Cried I, stronger
    Now, " but enter "—ah, alas !

Lo, the garden
Gates were barred on
    Either side and high above :
Lo, forbidden,
Lost, and hidden,
    Were the holy Lands of Love !

RENUNCIATION

And together
Under weather
    Dim and dismal, dun and drear,
We have taken
Leave, and shaken
    Hands,—and laughed at sigh or tear.

All forgetting,
And regretting
    Nothing, here we turn and part :
I deliver
You for ever,—
    I renounce you from my heart.

And we sever
Here for ever
    Since, together, ne'er again
We shall know the
Holy, lowly
    Garden, in its pleasant plain.

Yet some other
Day, another
    There may lead you, there may find
That the streaming
Star is gleaming
    And the garden cool and kind.

And some other
Day, another
    Thither I may lead, and pass
Thro' the holy
Happy, lowly
    Garden, down the gracious grass.

If you meet me
Will you greet me,
    Ay, and give me bidding fair ?
Will you smile, or
Frown awhile, or,
    Laughing, mock our meeting there ?

Meet me, greet me,
Smile, or treat me
    As you will : we draw not nigh :
For they sever,
Once, for ever,
    Whom Love seeing passeth by.

LADY ANNE'S BALLAD

LATE summer light is o'er the corn
And the leaf yet on the tree,
A waefu' winter it fa's on twain,
Under the trysty tree.

The tane he said, " There's mony a maid,
And bonnier maids for me ":
The tither she turned her round about,
" And lealer knights," quo' she.

There is a hunting in Charnwood glades,
He's ridden him there down,
Wi' a gay goss-hawk until his wrist,
And steed o' the berry brown.

And in she's gane by her bower gate,
And climbed her bower-stair.
I wot this parting by Maun-Water
It gar'd her little sair.

This parting it fell at Lammastide
When the green mead's brown wi' hay,
At Lammastide when the moon grows wide,
And the blue's o'er-blawn wi' grey.

At Michaelmas when the leaves fa' fast,
He's hunting wi' heart fu' light ;
At Martinmas when keen's the blast,
She's sitting by her hearth bright.

About the coming of Eastertide
He's wearied o' hawk an' houn'—
Hae ridden a ride to Maun-Water,
By Maun-side loupen down.

About the coming of Eastertide
She's fallen aweary o' bower,
She fain gang out by Maun-Water
To pu' the primrose flower.

When that he spied her walking there,
I wot but his heart were graem ;
When that she spied him walking there
Her face went red for shame.

He turned him right and round about,
    And wow but his heart were fain !—
She turned her right and round about,
    And round about again :

" And where 'ae kenn'd your bonniest maid,
    And where 'ae ye gane for her ?"—
He's ta'en her hard by the saft fiel han',
    Aboon sweet Maun-Water,

Says, " Lady, I kens my bonniest maid,
    And I maun gang for her
Where ye 'ae kenn'd your lealest knight,—
    Ywis, by Maun-Water."

QUIETISM

I.

THIS meadow rolls in waves of green,
And o'er the verdure floats the sheen
    Of buttercups in golden eddies,
Flowing all the grass between.

And green and gold are coloured over
With long purple streams of clover,
    And over green and gold and purple,
Butterflies on white wings hover.

II.

Here is there peace the whole day long ;
The blown grass hums a slumber-song,
    And bells of kine, the deep grass cropping,
Ring a drowsy gling-a-glong.

The quiet only deepens round
When sleepy steeple-chimes do sound ;
    And bees are booming without ceasing,
Till the honied cells are found.

III.

O close thine eyes, and by degrees
Thy soul shall issue on the breeze,
    And roaming in among the clover,
Garner honey with the bees.

Then upward lifting purgèd eyes,
Be thou abandon'd to the skies ;
    And melting in the farthest azure,
Wing thee into Paradise.

DAYBREAK

At Midsummer

At the dawn's emergence, early in the morning,—
O so cool !—
Early, at the palest and the frailest time of morning,
Heavy is the west, but the clouds look torn in
All the eastern heavens, and the stars seem forlorn in
The dim pool.

Stilly comes the morning, but all the stillness rings
With a shrilly music, chime of silver strings,
With a slender piping, with a quivered trilling, myriad shooting wings,
Fugitive, aerial, instant whisperings.

Peaceful is the dawning, calm and very kind,
Hopeful, with the radiant day pressing close behind :

DAYBREAK

Suddenly and mournfully a solitary wind
    Clings to the pine-tops, pleads and beseeches,
    Moans among the elms, sobs among the beeches,
Roaming as a human heart that seeks what none shall find.

BLOWN KISSES

I BLOW a kiss to my Lady,
A kiss over seas to my Lady,
A kiss to my lovely Lady,
    Away and over the sea.

A kiss, a kiss to my Lady !
A kiss to my lovely Lady,
And sweet as any may be
    My Lady beyond the sea.

Open thy lattice, my Lady,
And look and listen, my Lady,
Look down where the trees and the hay be,
    And the wind blows over the lea.

Listen ; among the leaves
How the heart of the sad wind heaves,
And it weeps and it wails and it grieves
    For want of thee, O my Lady.

BLOWN KISSES

And look and listen, my Lady,
Look down where the trees and the hay be ;
The wind in the elm-tree shady
    Is more than the wind to thee.

Let the wind from the elm-tree shady,
From the fields where the elm and the hay be,
Blow into thy heart, my Lady ;
    It is more than the wind to thee.

Receive its sighs, for they be
Kisses blown to my Lady ;
And whether the night or the day be
    My love is blown to thee.

THE SHUTTLE MOVES

The shuttle moves and weaves a web,
Whereof, in all the vast design,
Our little lives can only see
One broken line ;
Or single shade of all the hues
The vast design doth interfuse.

The weaving of a milliard threads
On this great loom would hardly be
The corner of an arabesque
Or fleur-de-lis :
O fools, that think to judge of all
From the one thread whereon ye crawl.

VILLANELLE OF ARCADY

How long, Ianthe, is thy sleep !
Two thousand years you've dreamed away,
Above the blue Ionian deep.

Yet once you tended flocks of sheep
And heard the rival shepherds play :
How long, Ianthe, is thy sleep !

Their flocks unherded on the steep,
They piped thro' all a shining day
Above the blue Ionian deep.

And how it made thy pulses leap
To crown thy chosen one with bay ! —
How long, Ianthe, is thy sleep !

Love gave thee precious gifts to keep
When roundly bloomed thy moon of May
Above the blue Ionian deep.

But then the Reaper came to reap,
In those delicious fields astray :
Above the blue Ionian deep,
How long, Ianthe, is thy sleep !

A PSALM OF SPRING

AWAKE ! O ye that sleep,
For the sun and the winds awaken ;
The Day-Star breathes in the East,
And the leaves of the vine are shaken.

The world was heavy at heart,
She abode in the ways of Sorrow,
But Winter yieldeth to Spring,
And the long night unto the morrow.

Arise ! O ye that mourn,
O ye with the sorrowful faces,
For Joy hath come to the world
From her hidden and innermost places.

The Lord hath made thee a sign,
Yea, God affordeth a token :
The hills that were bare are green,
For the Lord to the hills hath spoken.

WINDFLOWERS

The hills are clothed in fern,
    And the valleys in manifold grasses ;
The wind takes a handful of blossom
    Whithersoever he passes.

The sun hath his bow in hand,
    He hath drawn a shaft from the quiver :
He will shoot green herbs to the field,
    And the lotos-bud unto the river.

A harp was strung in the night
    For the singing of many voices ;
A psaltery sounds at dawn,
    And the heart of the world rejoices.

The nightingale wakes with the moon,
    And the moon-flooded valleys are ringing ;
The turtle is heard in the groves,
    And the gardens are glad for her singing.

O drink of the wine of light,
    All ye in the shadow abstaining :
For the storm hath turned him aside,
    And the cold rain ended her raining.

A PSALM OF SPRING

Fling open the gates of thy heart,
    Make wide the ways to thy bosom
And the sun shall strike within,
    And the Spirit shall yield of its blossom.

A WOOING TO THE VALLEY

The Shepherd, to his Lady of the Heights

LEAVE, O my Love, leave the stars of the height,
And come, O my love, to the valley ;
Here are the sun and the moon of delight,
Down,—down, down,—in the valley.
Bowers I have where the pine-straws are thickest,
And pearl-paven rivers are running their quickest,
And calling all night
Unto thee on the height,
To come, O my love, from the summits above,
Down,—down, down,—to the valley.

Leave, O my love, leave the upper lands drear,
And come, O my love, to the valley ;
Happy green hollows of clover are here,
Down,—down, down,—in the valley :

A WOOING TO THE VALLEY

Lowlands of barley and meadows of kine,
And flocks of white sheep in green pastures are mine,
All of them mine,
And all of them thine,
When you come, O my love, from the summits above,
Down,—down, down,—to the valley.

Leave, O my love, leave the crest solitary,
And come, O my love, to the valley ;
Junkets I offer and cream from the dairy,
Down,—down, down,—in the valley ;
Bowls heaped with Devonshire cream and red cherries,
And reddest and sweetest of all ruddy berries,
And honey and whey,—
All awaiting the day,
When you come, O my love, from the summits above,
Down,—down, down,—to the valley.

Come, O my love, to the deep-bosomed hollow,
And come, O my love, to the valley,
To sleep with the thrush and awake with the swallow,
Down,—down, down,—in the valley :

The sky - lark at dawn pours her song in a shower ;
At moon - rise the nightingale ushers Love's hour,
Yet still in her strain
Will the sad bird complain,
Till you come, O my love, from the summits above,
Down,—down, down,—to the valley.

Come, O my love, from the snows of the peak,
And come, O my love, to the valley ;
Here the wind blows but a rose to the cheek,
Down,—down, down,—in the valley :
Orchards are golden with daffadowndillies,
And flag-flowers flaunting wherever a rill is,
And bright ways aflush
With the peonies' blush :
So come, O my love, from the summits above,
Down,—down, down,—to the valley.

Come, O my love, to the tight little thatch,
And come, O my love, to the valley ;
The Arrow - God beckons, his hand on the latch,
Down,—down, down,—in the valley ;

A WOOING TO THE VALLEY

And up shoots the rose ; it is hanging a bloom
Over the sill of the white-curtained room,
With green buds and red,
All waiting to spread,
When you come, O my love, from the summits above,
Down,—down, down,—to the valley.

"The Ship Inn,"
Porlock, Somerset.

O BELLA MIA FRANCESCA

O Bella Mia
From far away,
Beyond the ebbing
And lapsing day,
Wells in thy spirit
Her springing ray :
O Bella Mia,
Mine own sweet may.

In those deep gardens
That no man knows,
Where the Bough of the Beauty
Of Holiness grows,
Thy heart's white petals
God saw unclose ;
Nor whiter even
Our Lady's rose.

O Bella Mia
From far away,
A sweet wind bore thee
A most sweet day,

And the wide world roaming
Yet here would stay :
O Bella Mia,
Mine own sweet may.

As the apple in flower
That weaves around
Her sweet, sweet breathing
O'er all the ground,
Till with it the gardens
And halls abound ;
So sweet is thine early
Flowering found.

O Bella Mia
Along thy way
Bryony gambolled
And vervain lay,
And after thee all
Good elves would stray :
O Bella Mia,
Mine own sweet may.

Where the Night was deep,
Where the shades were strong,
The sweet wind bore thee,
A light, along ;

And the Night became
As the starry throng,
And the mute shades woke
In a choral song.

O Bella Mia,
By night, by day,
Thy name is the purest
Prayer I pray :
Burn clean my heart
In thy spirit's ray,
O Bella Mia,
Mine own sweet may.

FOR SILVIA

Who died in Spring

A WEEK since, and I saw her smile
In sunlight by the meadow-stile :
A day since, and the lilies gave
Faint light and fragrance from her grave :
And now, with dawn above them spread,
She and the lilies both are dead.

SERENA

Night-Piece to Francesca

O Moon, pale Nun, come from thy cloistered east
In white array,
And for my Lady be thy light increased
On her dim way.
Shed round her, Moon, O Virgin of the Night,
The benediction of thy hallow'd light :
Guide her and keep her safely in thy sight,
O Moon, till dawn of day.

THE SEVEN ENCHANTED APPLES

AND THE SEVEN ENCHANTED PRINCESSES HELD IN THRALDOM THEREBY.

Various Evil Spirits Wrought An Enchanted Island Out of the Sea-Mist, And Imprisoned Thereon The Seven Daughters of A Great Dead Queen; Nor Might Ever The Maidens Be Delivered Until Seven Enchanted Apples Fell From A Tree By The Sea-Side.

THE WIZARD.

The Wizard Singeth of the Mist of the Jasper Sea, under which are the Seven Enchanted Princesses.

UNDER a zone of amethyst
The western waters are pale and whist,
And out of the deep, evolving twist
Loops of vapour and trailing mist :
Mark ye and hist !
Hark ye and list !
For under the zone of amethyst,
And out of the folds of the trailing mist,
Towers are reared for the Demon-Tryst.
Over a Jasper Sea
And away on the far, far waters,
Enchanted in Faëry
Lie a dead Queen's daughters :
O sing ye, Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters.

The Enchantress.

The Enchantress singeth of the Enchanted Castle, the which ariseth by incantation from the mists of the Jasper Sea.

Out of the mist that saileth the sea
A castle is rising vaporously,
Rearing her towers, one by one,
Far slender towers of turquoise stone,
Wand-like towers of marble fair
With balconies high, high up in the air,—
Rearing her towers, parapets,
Battlements, bowers, and minarets,
Up and up till they melt away
In the ashen shadows of fallen day;
And whiter, lighter, and brighter are they
Than any lily of Easter-day.

Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters,
Enchanted in Faëry
Lie a dead Queen's daughters:
O sing ye, Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters.

The Necromancer.

The Necromancer singeth of the Island Gardens, whereupon gloometh the Shadow of Death.

Round the towers the grass is green,
And round the towers are flowers seen,
Round the towers the trees arise,
Wearily, languidly, up to the skies:

The hollin-tree and the linden-tree
And the apple that leans to the green of
the sea ;
But topping the poplar and hazel tall,
And shading the bowers of flowers small,
The Cypress of Death springs over them all.
Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters,
Enchanted in Faëry
Lie a dead Queen's daughters :
O sing ye, Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters.

La Belle Fée.

a Belle Fée ngeth of how e hath inter- ded with Our ady, that the ardens may ot be devoid of ood cheer and leasaunce.

Ay, round the towers the grass is green,
And round the towers are flowers seen,—
Galingale and columbine,
And roses redder than Edom's wine,—
Bowers of flowers and fairy vine.
And winds at eve blow cool on the sea,
When the long wave rolls voluptuously,
And the casement opens amid the vines
Where woodbine trails and the wild rose
twines,
And brightening over the yew's sad lines
The placid Star of Evening shines.

Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters,
Smileth our sweet Mary
On the dead Queen's daughters :
O sing ye, Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters.

The Wizard.

The Wizard singeth of the countenance of the Seven Enchanted Princesses; he dreadeth their purity, and more especially, the light in their eyes.

For an olden wrong we placed them there,
A dead queen's daughters, tall and fair,
With hair of gold and orient eyes,
Bright as if looking on Paradise :
O beautiful, wonderful, dreadful eyes,
Pure as the Living Water that lies
In the still blue fountains of Paradise !
A great queen's daughters, good to behold,
With white brows woven with braids of gold,
And cheeks as soft and well to be seen
As apple-blossom when grass grows green ;
A dead queen's daughters that dwell alone
In magical bowers and towers of stone,
Till the apples fall and the daemon is flown.
Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters,

Enchanted in Faëry
Lie a dead Queen's daughters :
O sing ye, Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

The Enchantress singeth of the great spell, whose heart is Death, and whose heart, by its throbbing, soundeth a bell of mournful tone.

Deep, on that ocean broods a spell,
The spell of enchantment, sad and fell ;
Over that ocean a dull bell rings,
And the Raven of Silence spreads her wings
Lulling the twilight waters asleep
That the far bell's tolling may cross the deep :
The dull, dead bell that tolls and tolls
Till the troubled ocean in long waves rolls,
And the maidens, frighten'd, they know not why,
Gaze out on the wide, wide wastes of the sky,
And the trembling waters that under it lie.

Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters,
Enchanted in Faëry
Lie a dead Queen's daughters :
O sing ye, Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters.

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The Necromancer.

The Necromancer summoneth the sounding of the bell.

Toll, O Bell, at the dead of night,
When the winds are faint and the stars are bright,
When the spells of Hell have bound the deep
And the mournful waters are laid asleep ;
Then toll, O toll, Bell, muffled and slow
When the night droops down on the waters below ;
Toll, till the ocean rises and falls,
Till the castle shudders through all her walls,
And the thunder under the water calls.

Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters,
Enchanted in Faëry
Lie a dead Queen's daughters :
O sing ye, Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters.

La Belle Fée.

La Belle Fée crieth unto Our Lady for the safety of her Knight.

Mary, maiden of mercies mild,
Jesu's mother and Heaven's child,
Pour from the Fountains of Light awhile
The dew of thy blessing over this isle ;
Help us, O Lady ! the night is long
And the arts of Babylon dark and strong,

Arts of astrologer, prophet, and priest,
And the Wise-Men dwelling beyond the
east;
Help us, O Lady, thine own Knight sails
The waters of Darkness; help, or he fails:
Help us, O Lady, our Father's child,
Mary, maiden of mercies mild.

Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters,
Mary, bring thy mercie
To the dead Queen's daughters:
O sing ye, Over a Jasper Sea
And away on the far, far waters.

THE WIZARD.

The Wizard singeth exultingly of the crag and the Damnèd Tree, whereupon grow the Seven Enchanted Apples. He extolleth the cunning of the Wizards of Eld.

Aloft on a crag that sunders the sea,
Blasted standeth the Damnèd Tree,
Palsied and stricken and barren of shoots
And clutching the crag in its long lean
roots;
Aloft and alone in its gloom enfurled,
As the Dragon of Death that broods on
the world:
And ah, it shaketh in hell-born pains,
So hotly the magic runs in its veins!

Stretching fantastic branches high,
With reaching twigs it gropes in the sky ;
But the limbs their apples proudly hold,
And over each apple a star of gold
Pointing a finger of shivering light
Along the waters and into Night.
Never shall castle, crag, nor tree
Fall, till those apples gathered be ;
And even now, in a circle wide,
Are the bones of the vain that tried, and died.—
Praise ye the Witches of Babylon !
That brewed strange broth in caverns of stone :
And sage Chaldeans, old men and wise,
Calling down demons from storming skies :
Praise ye the Wizards of Arabie !
In the wastes of Islam their altars be :
And th' Assyrian Magi that wrought of old
The Wondrous Book of the Letters of Gold.

Over a Jasper Sea,
And away on the far, far waters,
Enchanted in Faëry
Lie a dead Queen's daughters :
O sing ye, Over a Jasper Sea
And away on the far, far waters.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

The Enchantress crieth out in distress: the wick snaps and the spell turneth against her.

Sing not so, Brothers ! O sing not so !
For the Lamp of Tyre is burning low.
The charm doth ebb as the wick wears slim,
The shadows mock when the lights grow dim,
And the flame burns blue tho' I feed it and trim.
Sing not so, Brothers ! O sing not so !
For the floods of darkness over us flow.
O the clouds rebel and the wild winds fly
And the storm bursts loose in the maddened sky !—
Quick, O Brothers ! the loom doth strain !
Alas, O Brothers ! the wind and the rain !
The web of enchantment is rending in twain—
In vain, O Brothers, in vain, all vain !
Alas, for the magic, the web, and the spell :
We have delved our own graves, we have wrought our own hell !

Over a clouding sea,
And away in the deep, dim waters,

We fall, with curses three
For the dead Queen's daughters!
O sing ye, Under a clouding sea,
And down in the deep dim waters.

THE NECROMANCER.

The Necromancer remaineth defiant unto the last. He rejoiceth exceedingly in magic, and singeth as his brother of the wise men of Eld.

Sister, nay, for our reign was long,
The flame was bright and the spell was strong;
It was well to raise from a Jasper Sea
The castle, the crag, and the Damnèd Tree:
To have ruled so long was wondrous well,
And revenge was sweet, though it led to hell.
Then trumpet ye! Trumpet ye! Trumpet defiance!
The scorning of hell is hell's reliance!
And praise ye the Witches of Babylon
That brewed strange broth in caverns of stone:
O praise ye the fathers that wrought of old
The Wondrous Book of the Letters of Gold:
Praise the Chaldeans, the grey, the wise,
That worked with the demons of smoking skies:

Praise ye the ancient Lamp of Tyre,
The Golden Oil and the Purple Fire.
Under a churning sea,
And away in the foaming waters,
We sink, with curses three
For the dead Queen's daughters:
A curse from under the churning sea,
And under the foaming waters.

La Belle Fée.

La Belle Fée singeth of how the apples are gathered; she prayeth our Lady ever to abide with the Seven Princesses.

A star of heaven hath held its way
From the shades of night to the light of day,
And the Knight unharmed hath plied the sea
Through the woven mazes of Faëry;
Hath sailed unharmed to the stately towers,
The garden, and frail enchanted flowers;
Unharmed to the tree on the crag hath passed,
Through the magick circle around it cast;
From a Jar of the Waters of Galilee
Hath sprinkled the roots of the Damnèd Tree:
The hot roots writhe, the steam blows free,—
And the apples have fallen and hissed in the sea!

Lady, whose brow is a crescent bright
And wound but only with roses white ;
Lady, whose eyes are gentle and mild
As the Star of Bethlehem watching thy
Child ;
All praise, Maid Mary, be unto thee
That severed the spell of the Jasper Sea,
Teaching the maidens sweet words to sing
To God in Heaven, our Father and King.
Keep them, O Lady, till life be passed,
Then lead them gently along at last
The spiral stair that winds in the skies
To the starry portals of Paradise :
Queen of the Golden House above,
Ave Maria ! our Lady of Love !

Over a Jasper Sea,
And home from the far, far
waters,
Mary, of thy mercie
Lead the dead Queen's daughters,
Haply over the Jasper Sea,
And home from the far, far
waters.

Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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